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—Sister Agnes, C. S. J.

THE

Commonweal

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by Julian Marias

Memories of Peter Maurin

by John C. Cort

Ecumenicism in Germany

by Leonard Swidler

THE WORLD OF GERTRUDE STEIN . . . . . ***by Jean Holzhauer***
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January, 1960

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THE COMMONWEAL
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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

OUR STATE

FEW CRITICS of President Eisenhower's State of the Union Message would contend that it does not point to leading dangers confronting the American people. It cites the nation's principal domestic problems, Soviet progress, thermonuclear destructiveness and the urgent needs in the underdeveloped lands. Nor could anyone quarrel with the President's formula of "brighter opportunity for our own citizens and a world peace with justice for all."

Assessment of the means the President defends and proposes for attaining his highly praiseworthy ends leads to certain difficulties. Fire at the message has been concentrated on Mr. Eisenhower's justification of our defense policies. Democrats, political commentators and various generals have vied in questioning the President's evaluation of our comparative military strength. "Enormous defense power" does exist but it is concentrated in thermonuclear weapons deliverable by manned jet bombers which, moreover, are rapidly becoming obsolete.

As has been said in these pages before, American armed forces are inadequate for dealing with "brushfire" wars with conventional weapons. And the bad lag behind the Russians in missiles, rockets and space vehicles is widening. This greatly enhances Soviet world prestige and strengthens Khrushchev's bargaining position at the impending summit meetings.

Three other key issues involving the policies and claims of the Administration also deserve special scrutiny here. Mr. Eisenhower made passing reference to the complex and difficult problems of our American cities. He believes that something should be done to stem the tide of accelerating urban deterioration and to combat juvenile delinquency and other evils connected with the slums. But he commends the task to local initiative for fear the country be misled and fall for the "deceptive but easy bait of the Federal tax dollar." Mr. Eisenhower has consistently opposed any large-scale national public housing program.

IN THE MATTER of education the President's approach is much the same. Our public school facilities are notoriously over-crowded and dangerously outmoded in many towns and cities. Mr. Eisenhower declares that the providing of needed classrooms and the like is "essentially a local and personal responsibility." He would have Washington provide only some sort of vague incentives "to extend and encourage state and local efforts." This he proposes in the name of protecting local educational autonomy—which is indeed important. But might it not be possible to set up means of distributing Federal funds through local and state educational agencies that would preserve local autonomies—especially where Government aid is most urgently needed in our poorer cities and states? When sufficient local initiative or capacity is lacking, is nothing to be done?

Finally, no examination of the present State of the Union would be complete without consideration of America's relationship to the rising underdeveloped countries. This is not only of crucial importance in the cold war, with its bearing on such factors as supplies of vital raw materials, strategic bases and the course of the United Nations, but it will have a lot to do with our national well-being in the future, independently of the present global conflict.

Here one finds epitomized the virtues and weaknesses of the Eisenhower approach. He expresses genuine and great sympathy for these various peoples. He recognizes that America's destiny is linked with theirs. He urges the American people to make

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substantial sacrifices in order to provide (along with our prosperous allies, now) the "technical and investment assistance" that is needed. But actually the Eisenhower budget contemplates technical assistance only on its present limited scale—which, even with the hoped for additions from Western Europe, etc., is far from sufficient to do the job in Latin America, Southeast Asia and Africa today. Most people in these impoverished, populous lands will therefore continue in an underproductive and depressed state not consonant with human dignity, increasingly susceptible to Marxist promises and resentful toward the United States. The time for coming to grips with this situation is rapidly shortening.

The message, then, is highly characteristic of the Administration. It reveals Mr. Eisenhower as a statesman genuinely dedicated to world peace and to international well-being. At the same time he appears so convinced that balancing the budget to check inflation has top priority that he feels the attainment of a four billion dollar surplus in the next fiscal year outweighs whatever the Government could do with that sum, or portions of it, to step up the free world's defenses, meet basic domestic needs and supply the required Point Four technical assistance. Unhappily, many Senators and Congressmen of both parties seem to agree with him.

HATE AND MORE HATE

LIKE A terribly contagious disease, the besmirching of Jewish homes, institutions and synagogues continues to spread. Every day brings news of another community—in Europe, the United States, South America, the Far East—shamed by the desecration of Jewish and sometimes Christian places of worship with swastikas and messages of hate.

In New York, two Protestant churches were defaced by the painted legend, "An eye for an eye," and a drawing of the Star of David. It seems likely, for many reasons, that this vandalism was not the work of Jews at all, but merely a subtler and perhaps even more vicious attempt on the part of anti-Semites to arouse anti-Jewish feeling. Actually, of course, it makes little difference whether those responsible in this case were Jews or not. Whoever they were, they were part of the same ugly pattern of hate.

Anti-Semitic incidents have been erupting with such rapidity, and on such a widespread scale, that commentators have proposed a whole array of explanations. Some see the resurgence of the swastika and the phrase "*Juden raus*" as indicating the existence of an international neo-Nazi organization. That no clear evidence to support this idea has been uncovered is not particularly reassuring, since the absence of any concerted anti-Semitic plan suggests a frightening depth and extent of spontaneous racial and religious hatred. Another view, that much of the anti-Jewish vandalism expresses hostility and destructiveness which are only incidentally directed against Jews, is probably close to the truth. That is, the publicity given to these episodes and the shock and horror they have provoked may well have stimulated imitative acts by various emotionally unstable individuals.

Yet this explanation, too, provides little comfort. However much of this theory we may grant, the poison of anti-Semitism is inescapably present in everything that has happened—either formulated and particularized or, equally disturbing, latent in the unconscious minds of many who are not recognizable as anti-Semites. This same saddening consideration lies behind the supposedly reassuring notion of some sociologists that anti-Semitism has become a kind of fad for irresponsible youngsters—like rock n' roll or the hula hoop.

Religious leaders of all denominations have unanimously rejected the explanations which tend to minimize the wave of anti-Semitism that has spread so fiercely all over the world. The Vatican City radio, for instance, has denounced these outbursts of anti-Jewish feeling and warned of the hate and fear involved in them. Here, perhaps, in the revulsion this plague has roused in the hearts of men of good will everywhere, lies the one note of hope in the entire tragic affair. The virulence and persistence of the disease have been made so clear as to make evasion of the problem every day more difficult. And only by facing the evil squarely will we ever be able to deal with it.

SETTLEMENT IN STEEL

IF WE INTERPRET public reaction correctly, the end of the stalemate in the steel industry brought a collective sigh of relief all over the country, from labor leaders, management men, editorialists and ordinary citizens. Indeed, the settlement was being hailed in enthusiastic language long before anyone even knew what its terms were. This general feeling of relief is one we share, in the sense that we had no more desire than anyone else to see

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another steel strike. But that is about all the enthusiasm we can work up on the subject.

It is said that Mr. Nixon will reap considerable political reward from his role in the settlement—although a few observers think a price rise in steel later this year and an upward trend in the cost of living may cancel out this present advantage for Mr. Nixon. But the fact that the settlement may redound to Mr. Nixon's political advantage does not bother us. Mediation and conciliation were needed, and if Mr. Nixon and Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell were able to supply these elements, more power to them. We do not see why anyone should quarrel with them on these grounds. We do think, however, that there is legitimate reason for disquiet about the fact that intervention of this nature by the Vice President was necessary to achieve a settlement.

The truce that has been reached in the steel industry represents a "political" settlement, to which the parties at interest are said to have been persuaded by Mr. Nixon's predictions as to what Congress might do if settlement was not achieved. Again, given the nature of the situation that had been allowed to develop, perhaps this was the only tactic available. But the fact remains that this political settlement of an industrial dispute was carried out on the level of personal diplomacy by representatives of an Administration which insisted it was following a hands-off policy.

After a bitter and costly strike of one hundred and sixteen days, how can the public evaluate the terms of the settlement? A fact-finding board certified to the President that the strike posed a threat to the public welfare, but there has been no fact-finding board to act in the public behalf by evaluating as to fact opposing claims by labor and management. Were the companies correct in claiming that rises in labor costs would have to be reflected in price advances? Were previous price increases in the industry far in excess of increases in labor costs? Is the union fighting for work practices that are wasteful and unnecessary? Is it asking too much, too soon? Are prices and profits in steel out of line? The average citizen is no closer to an answer to these questions than he was when the steel dispute began. Since peace came in the end by a political settlement anyway, rather than by free collective bargaining, could we not at least have had, many months ago, a board of impartial arbitrators to look for answers to such questions and back their findings with recommendations which would then have had the support of public opinion, one way or the other?

When the steel dispute began, we received sharp criticism on our views from both conservative and pro-labor sources. Nothing in the experience of the last few months, however, inclines us to change our basic position in this matter. We do not think the nation has any adequate way of handling nationwide disputes involving Big Labor and Big Management in key industries like steel. The presumption that the public interest will automatically be protected if Big Labor and Big Industry are allowed to slug it out strikes us as quite erroneous, and we think it imperative that ways be developed for handling such disputes, ways which will include some provisions for consideration of the common good. In taking this position we believe we would find an increasing amount of support in both liberal and conservative camps; witness, on the one hand, Adlai Stevenson's proposal some weeks ago for labor courts of arbitration, despite union opposition to the idea, and, on the other, what we take to be considerable covert industry opposition to steel management's handling of its dispute.

Labor legislation in a Presidential election year is a risky business at best; now that a resumption of the steel strike has been averted, it is probably good that Congress will not entertain any ambitious proposals along these lines in this session. But rejoicing over the settlement in steel should not obscure the basic fact: because of the way it came about, peace in the steel industry represents a problem deferred, not a problem solved.

THE PENTAGON IN POLITICS

THOSE WHO have been concerned by the Administration's "economy first" approach to the question of defense and research will not be comforted by late news from the Pentagon on the subject of our missile program. According to a special report in the New York *Times*, the Pentagon is preparing a report intended for use as a Republican campaign weapon. The report attempts to justify the decision not to compete with the Soviets in the development of long-range ballistic missiles by minimizing the destructive power of the I.C.B.M.'s the Russians have on hand and will have in the immediate future.

The arguments to be offered hinge on the number of missiles needed to destroy all existing U.S. missile and bomber bases and to wipe out our major cities. Present opinions—that the Soviets could accomplish this holocaust now or in the next few years—are not correct, according to these high

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Pentagon officials, since they assume that one direct hit would be sufficient to destroy a target. Using charts and graphs and accuracy projections, Pentagon spokesmen offer the comforting conclusion that the destruction the Soviets' missiles could accomplish would not be total after all.

Unfortunately, the strength of this argument depends on the judgment that hundreds of I.C.B.M.'s might be needed to score a single direct hit, and only the other day President Eisenhower revealed the almost perfect accuracy of such missiles in hitting targets more than five thousand miles away. Quite apart from the technical questions involved here, it is most disturbing that the men involved in our national defense are so deeply and so openly engaged in partisan politics. This is the charge of General Maxwell D. Taylor, who recently resigned as Chief of Staff. It was the charge of General Matthew B. Ridgway, the Chief of Staff before him, who also resigned on these grounds. As they and other officers (now resigned or silenced) have said, this is a national disgrace.

COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA

IN DISCUSSING the respective merits of Russian and Western propaganda, most observers have readily given the palm to the Russian Communists. For many people the position of the United States was epitomized in President Eisenhower's statement some time back that it was very difficult to explain democracy to someone as committed to Communist ideologies as Zhukov. Democracy, it appeared, was not only difficult to realize in practice, it was difficult to communicate in theory. Worse, Westerners, and particularly Americans, had little success in coping with the difficulties. Communists, on the other hand, were dedicated, informed and articulate. They were moved by the strength of the committed believer.

There is sufficient basis for such observations that they should not be too readily dismissed. The Western World has frequently been inept, putting its worst foot forward in one situation after the other. And Communists have been able to exploit and to thrive on the chaos and social disorder which is worldwide today.

The Communist world, however, has its internal problems. Just as the thaw in the cold war has caused problems for us—we can neither ignore overtures that promise to reduce possibilities of war, nor lower our defenses without proper safeguards —so it has raised problems for the Russian leaders. In a long document drawn up by the Central Committee of the Communist Party it was charged that Party propaganda has been "divorced from life"; the theory of Marx and Lenin is either distorted or taught in a mechanical fashion. And the intrusion of Western influences, attitudes and ideas is proving to be particularly dangerous. They tend to subvert the beliefs of the Communist.

These are simply observations, not cheery conclusions that "they have problems, too." And they should allow us to see more clearly the present possibilities for improving and intensifying our own efforts to communicate the realities of democracy.

LISTENERS SUBSCRIBE

THE GENERALIZATION goes like this: all radio and television programs are shaped to fit the advertising package. Granting the necessary qualifications, there is enough truth in the statement to make the advent of a listener-supported radio station in the New York area a significant event.

On January 10, station WBAI-FM (99.5 mc), which had been personally subsidized, began operation as a non-commercial, listener-subscription station. According to Mr. Harold Winkler, president of Pacifica Foundation, the non-profit organization which will operate the station, WBAI will be devoted to good music of all periods, genuinely free forums for discussion, literature and art programs, and programs of stories, drama, music and poetry for children. To quote an announcement of the new station, listener-subscription radio "is radio without commercials. It is radio for the purpose of communicating—not selling."

Since support for the station must come from its audience and since the programming is not designed for a mass audience, the obstacles are formidable. There are, however, precedents for success. Pacifica Foundation has operated two listener-subscription stations on the West Coast, and in Chicago another group has kept WFMT alive and stimulating for some years.

Even if WBAI is as successful as its most enthusiastic supporters would wish, it is not, obviously, going to reshape either radio or television programming. It will not do away with advertiser-supported shows. Such a success could, however, demonstrate the very real function of such supplementary stations. Further, it might suggest at least partial alternatives to the unending succession of commercials on radio and television.

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The Two Indias

Despite their crowds and their misery, the cities of India teem with life, with activity, with hope

by JULIAN MARIAS

THE FIRST THING I saw on arriving in Bombay was a poster announcing "For Whom the Bell Tolls," starring Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper. Here was a Hemingway version of the Spanish civil war on the screens of Bombay, a city of three million people, under the curtain of monsoon rains.

There were hundreds of such posters. One finds movie theaters everywhere in the cities of India—in Bombay, Bangalore, Mysore, Madras, Calcutta, Delhi, Agra and in the smaller cities. Movie advertisements abound, the texts sometimes in English but mostly in one or another of the fourteen principal languages of India. The films are from various countries, but they are mainly American, British, French, Italian, and Indian. The Indian movie industry itself is now the third largest in the world, surpassed only by Hollywood and the Japanese; the domestic market is immense.

In Madras, long lines of movie patrons wait to turn in tickets bought days in advance; one can not obtain seats for a current performance, even the most expensive ones. Going to the movies is not cheap in India, but before food, before a bed, before shelter, the Indian seems to need a few images, a dream, an illusion. Men have always seemed willing to pay the highest sums for things that are largely unreal: a handful of spices, a few leaves of tea, some coffee beans, a little tobacco—a savor, an aroma, a spiral of smoke. In India the cinema is the great moving force in the cities, keeping them on even keel; it is the reminder, the dispenser of many things that are lost or lacking.

Indeed life in the Indian city is not easy. The patterns of existence as we know them are broken. The crowds are dense, their numbers without limit. Everything takes place out on the street; selling, eating, sleeping, working, waiting—and, I imagine, birth and death.

There must be many people in the large cities who have never been alone—something that is most difficult for Westerners to imagine. In some sections of Calcutta, for instance, the average living space is only four square yards for every person. Every dwelling holds no one knows how many people; men, women and children overflow into the streets, surge out onto the sidewalks, crowd into doorways and on balconies. In every conceivable spot there is an Indian, awake or asleep.

The people eat only sporadically. Many are unemployed, for there is not enough work for everyone—or, at best, only a little work for each one. Religious proscriptions have their effect, while caste differences which may keep a street cleaner, say, from carrying a bundle, help the society to realize a division of labor. Although many are poorly clad, in tatters, at times almost naked, the women in Indian cities have an elegant bearing. The majesty of their brightly colored *saris,* and their graceful walk, make them look, from a distance, like queens. And they are often beautiful. Their children are alert, lively looking, intelligent; they fill one with hope.

TOURISTS who arrive in India are often afraid of encountering filth, unbearable odors, cholera and leprosy. Unquestionably all of these exist. But many Indians are extremely clean, neat, impeccable—and I do not refer only to the upper classes and the proud Sikhs. I would cite the drivers of cars, taxis, busses and trucks, who keep their long hair tucked under bright-colored turbans, their beards imprisoned in little nets, and maintain impressively erect posture. But the others, those who do not seem clean according to our Western ideas, also have their standards. Most of them bathe in the rivers or the sea. I have seen naked Indians with turbans on their heads in the harbor at Madras on the Coromandel coast bathing themselves and washing with great care herds of cows. I have seen people in a fountain not far from me washing themselves from head to foot and brushing their teeth with their fingers.

Mr. Marias, who writes for many periodicals in his native Spain and elsewhere, is the author of *Reason and Life* (Yale) and a contributor to *As Others See Us* (Princeton).

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It may be said that other Indians do not bathe at all, or very infrequently, and that when they do wade into a river such as the Yamuna or the Ganges, the water is already dirty, full of mud and cow manure and doubtless polluted by dead bodies. Probably so. But that does not allow the simple response Westerners usually have. Our concept of cleanliness is based on the idea of human corporality as something separate from all other matter. In India, I gather, man feels himself in communion with the rest of reality: dust, earth, mud next to his skin are not filth but contact, not "contamination" but continuity.

Be that as it may, the cities of India, despite their crowds and their misery, teem with life, with activity, with hope. They are variegated, impressively "real," incredibly spontaneous. When, as in some suburbs, there are fewer people, there is breathing space. (Obsession for the desert is paralleled by obsession for the multitudes.) There one has room to admire the trees —the beauty of the vegetation of Delhi, the verdure of the Maidan at Calcutta—the sumptuous buildings, the workshops of the artisans, the shops where one can purchase woolens, silks, jewels, objects of ivory.

All this enables one to observe how people live and get along together in those cities, the very structures of the community, the manifold forms of life: the markets, the temples, the ghats piled high in the rivers. Now one begins to understand the deposit time has made in these ancient cities, and to suspect that their historical background is probably not quite what it had first seemed.

ANYONE who wishes to experience at one and the same time feelings of space which are at opposite extremes should go to Delhi. I refer to living space. I know of no city in the world that is as prodigal with space as New Delhi. Yet its spaciousness is not due to its size as it is, for example, with Los Angeles, where it takes an hour and a half to go by car from one end of the city to the other, and three hours by bus. In New Delhi it is quite different. That city is, shall I say, intrinsically spacious. Each of its component parts is far from all the others. To go out—simply to go out—from the Hotel Ashoka, one of the largest and finest in the world, is a journey in itself. Vegetation covers vast areas, clothing them with a tropical luxuriance. Parks, gardens and avenues separate the buildings: there is no such thing as a house next door.

These distances appear to be in the very nature of things and constitute an element of beauty. The public buildings of the Government and the Parliament dominate distant perspectives in a manner comparable only to the sector of Paris laid out by Haussmann or to the city of Washington. The view extends far out toward the line where the green vegetation and the blue sky meet. Splendor and elegance abound in this artificial and grandiloquent city.

All this makes me think of the British influence, of the English fondness for parks; I become aware of the abstract character of the official and diplomatic sector of the city. But I am not content to ascribe the city's lineaments entirely to that. Ancient Delhi itself is not alien to this inspiration, for the Red Port stands forth to prove it. Here one encounters, in the work of the mogul emperor Shah Jahan, from the seventeenth century, the grandeur, the spaciousness which he desired, the vegetation combining with the red stone, the luxurious beauty of mosques and palaces. And both the tomb of Humayun, the prodigious Gutb Minar, seventy meters high, with its wide surrounding framework of stone and verdure, and the huge mosque of Jama Masjid, repeat the theme; the same vital characteristics are embodied in the varying artistic styles.

The same theme recurs in the busiest part of the city, its commercial center—the vast Connaught Circle, archways and more archways which confine the tense and animated streets where everything is bought and sold: silks, Kashmir woolens, bronzes, objects of ivory, Czech and Chinese shoes, books, tobacco, stamps, maps, food, airplane tickets to anywhere in the world.

THIS IS Delhi, built up under the insignia of spaciousness and splendor. Is the inspiration, thus, that of the Mongol Empire, Moslem India? Has that prevailed by strange happenstance, in the capital of the new Hindu India, now clearly separated from Pakistan? Hardly. There remains the other Delhi, the other part of the ancient city. Here one again encounters the eternal India of the multitudes.

Of the two million and a quarter of the city's inhabitants I would say that two million are crowded into one-fifth to one-quarter of its area. They proliferate, they agitate, they stir the warm air with their garments. A few steps from the imposing embassies are men clad only in loin cloths; not far from the Presidential Palace and the American Embassy, which is one of the most beautiful edifices of our time, are tiny hovels. If one goes from the Hotel Ashoka to the Hotel Maiden at night, the car headlights flash on lepers under a bridge, stray cows, endless lines of sleepers in front of the houses and stretching out on both sides of the great avenues.

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Going toward the Yamuna shore and getting close to one of the ghats or stairways that goes down to the wide, quiet, muddy waters, one comes upon the other extreme of Delhi, if not the other extreme for humanity. There in the warm and silent night is a huge crematorium. An extraordinary old man with a white beard and very spindly legs, a painted forehead, a nondescript hat and a rickety umbrella, comes forward like a sleepwalker. The bodies cremated that day have remained in the fires. The ashes will soon be cast into the river. There are embers which glow with a ruddy splendor among the bones. The fires still burn and continue to thrust their flames up toward the black sky overhead.

The old man comes forward to the foot of the stairway, totally self-absorbed and looking at no one. He descends into the river and completes his own ritual ablutions. He seems to come from another world, pays no attention to his surroundings and carries out his gestures with the air of one obsessed. He appears to be moved by some alien force, transcending the individual, a force that emanates from centuries and multitudes. He perceives no one, either those close by or others at a distance.

A silent retinue arrives upon the scene: men and women in flowing white garments, serene in their sorrow. They bring with them a dead man laid out on a stretcher, wrapped in white linen. They carry the body to the river and begin the slow and very lengthy ritual of washing and anointing, preparatory to cremation. Within a few hours another fire will be lighted, this body anointed with perfume and grasses will burn, the fragrant wood will be slowly consumed, the sacred Yamuna will receive new ashes, a family will retire, and new embers will be left behind to mingle with the cold ashes of the centuries.

MEANWHILE the rites will continue and the fires will die down. After this spectacle, when the limits of the macabre seem to have been reached, another old man appears on the scene, rushes into the crematorium and then in his turn also goes toward the river. He is half naked, his hair and beard matted, his limbs bony. He comes forward with quick steps and mad gestures. He, too, descends the steps, submerges himself in the dark waters and returns. He goes up to the fires which are by now almost spent. It is midnight. He raises his head toward the moon and emits a howl that is both disconsolate and inhuman.

Splendor and elegance, poverty and ritual, multitudes and spaciousness—all these combine to assert the richness, the beauty, the paradox of Delhi and of India. These aspects of India can be found, epitomized, in a single building. Between the old and the new Delhi, near the Yamuna, is the Raj Ghat, that place where the tiny body of Mahatma Gandhi was cremated the last day of January 1948. The new independent India, the India of his dreams and his planning, that India for which he had fasted, had just been born. That new India which is ever the same India.

For Pere Teilhard de Chardin At My Father's Grave

by SISTER AGNES, C.S.J.

1

Not long ago his children's children skimmed
an all saints' sky. And via leafless boughs
they brought down twenty empty nests or more.
We watched indoors while he, with laboring breath,
climbed motionless inviolable skies.

Through rigid winter mourning tears matured
the roots of vision rising through the heart
until we knew that loneliness is love
unseen, and hope the very bone of earth.

In cemeteries larks are singing life.
I meditate the winter's skeleton
limber again with the light touch of spring,
and think of you, Père Teilhard de Chardin,
scholar of bones, in your changement d'état.

It is memorial day among these stones
and ceremony serves my heart. I lay
today's limp lilac on the granite name
and look towards doom's day for his gentle face.

2

My father's death unwinters with the trees.
Through the tradition of his pulse and breath
he moves the prairies towards his total home
where Christ, extending, brings a realm of dust,
his skull, the site of science and belief,
his ribs, the residence of love's insights,
into intelligence of timeless may.

I see his life in the pleroma lift
from eye-sockets and breast-bones, bowls that held
particular plumb worlds, his every-day
études perduring through old finger-bones;
poetry, politics, a garden fence,
persons affirmed, a branch diaphanous
with blackbirds singing in a cottonwood.

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THE ODD SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

AT THIS turn-of-the-year, 1959 to 1960, the prophesies, or, more politely, the "surveys" and "projections" published in newspapers and magazines, in newsletters and special reports, and via radio and television, have been more than ever before. For one thing, survey and forecast is definitely a growth industry which, for economic, psychological and spiritual reasons interesting to speculate about, has developed tremendous manufacturing capacity. Also, of course, this year is a special year, inaugurating the new and already famous Decade of the 60's, and entailing an election with the certainty of big political campaigns and a new Administration.

Forecasts have covered with a careful blend of drama and business-like matter-of-factness the Gross National Product and practically all its constituents and accompaniments. We are persuaded that simply by turning a page or switching a dial we can find all the dominant characteristics of this new year, and of New Year's, 1970: the population, automobiles, international balance of power; the factories, houses, major electrical appliances; the industrial production, farm produce per acre, and timetables of interplanetary communication; even the fashion in clothes, the style of major arts, and the growth of attendance at Sunday School. . . . One feels taken up to a very high mountain indeed.

But lucky the communicator who published his prognostications early, because after studying breathlessly just so many of the surveys, the customer almost inevitably begins to question, so what? However correct the projections may be . . . what of it?

The first sales appeal is generally directed to rather crude self-interest. Prophesy helps us pick the best place to make a dollar, or many million dollars. This appeal broadens out for corporations, miscellaneous groups, political parties: by most cleverly interpreting the signs and wonders of things to come, they can preempt positions of riches, popularity and power. Indeed, this may be partly true, but it involves an interpretation of self-interest which is narrow and chilly for the cold weather of winter.

There is a seemingly more altruistic argument for these projections, too, built around the concept of "planning." The stuff of the surveys is given as the brute facts and historical raw material we will have to live with and build upon. So, the earnest citizen may try to arrange his own and his neighbor's spirits and delights to fit these new circumstances of tomorrow. This process is completely upside down. The surveys, unfortunately, do not tell us what in the gaudy future they portray may be, in fact, pleasing or beneficial. It is the nature of such prophesies to be irresponsibly sportive, rather than philosophical. They are exercises, at length tiresome, of standing on the head, or beating about the bush. The main lesson they should teach is the unbridged distance between the sort of progress they dwell upon, and the real interest and happiness of the hazardously progressing people.

Anybody can have almost any opinion about things like automation and nuclear propulsion and interplanetary projectiles, about the growth of suburbs and the decline of city and country, about the central rationalization of health, welfare and education, and the submergence of national sovereignty. Such material affairs and the institutions organizing them may be, from the angle of mathematics and sociology, fairly factual and objective, but their meaning appears wildly unstable and subjective from a more natural human view. The methods used to forecast the number and mass of products and machines will never tell if they are black or white. Judgment of their value revolves dizzily in the shallow whirlpool, or roulette wheel, of emotion and temperament and taste. The survey technique cannot deal with the more genuinely interesting and absolute world of happiness and charity. There is no way to project a graph of happiness or a table of salvation.

Some of the more sophisticated prophets seemed to try. *Life*, notably, in its special "Good Life" issue for the holidays, betrayed self-consciousness about its unending glamorous and dramatic pages devoted to the gadgetry and opulence and leisure time of the future. "Conceivably," the Editors note in a rather brilliant biblical reference, "we might some day find ourselves, after some final victory over our environment, at rest in the 'empty, swept and garnished house' of St. Matthew 12:44. . . ." It will be recalled that this domicile, after a brief vacancy, was neat as a pin and tastefully decorated, but decidedly diabolical. It is encouraging that such a monstrous mass medium grows skeptical of the game of material one-up-manship, but this is a grim note to be sounded at New Year's. We are prophesied into an ominously dark alley.

Perhaps, after all, it could be helpful, at the very beginning of the New Year and new decade, to play out our childish fascination in these utopian games of mechanical eden and human limbo. A rich and comfortable utopia is, very surely, a blind alley, and also a dull prospect for long range attention. The pursuit of happiness requires no new scientifically projected props. The way is indicated every year, preparing for Christmas, and rising to Easter, and continuing through the growing and harvesting season of Pentecost. More interesting and authentic prophets told about it a long time ago.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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Old clothes, rugged face and figure, and a holy fervor

Memories of Peter Maurin

by JOHN C. CORT

I FIRST met Peter Maurin in July of 1936, down at the Catholic Worker headquarters on Mott Street on the lower east side of New York. When he was not away on his missionary journeys around the country we both lived there for the next two and a half years, along with the rest of the C. W. staff and the guests of the House of Hospitality.

Occasionally we were both out at the C. W. farm in Easton, Pa., where Peter was trying to establish what he sometimes called "a farming commune" and sometimes called "an agronomic university." In either case these were designed "to make scholars out of workers, and workers out of scholars."

The day we met there was little chance to talk. But the next day we both went out to the farm, and it was that day, I think, that about twenty of us sat around the big table in the farmhouse dining room for several hours after dinner. Nobody went out to work in the fields. We were engaged in fashioning another plank in Peter's program: the Round-Table Discussion, "to keep trained minds from being academic and untrained minds from being superficial."

This was precisely the kind of thing I was itching for at the time. I had been reading the *Catholic Worker* for about six months up in Boston and I had serious doubts about some of Peter's and Dorothy Day's ideas. I wanted to express them and to get some answers. I remember the afternoon as one of growing frustration and irritation, because Peter simply would not let me talk. In fact, Peter did not often permit discussion at a Round-Table Discussion, unless one or more of the participants were visiting celebrities who could not be ignored. I, of course, was just a fresh kid out of Harvard who obviously needed indoctrination.

Eventually, Peter and I became good friends. In private conversation he could be very agreeable. He would listen to your ideas and comment on them in a quiet, kindly way. But as soon as somebody else joined you, Peter's whole aspect and style of speech changed. His voice grew louder and he began to talk in "Easy Essays," those blank-verse declamations which he delivered in a heavy French accent and with appropriate arm-waving. He was, it seemed, simply not capable of adapting his ideas to ordinary give-and-take discussion. He thought in memorized patterns and anybody who tried to break up the pattern just had to be shouted down.

THIS IS the kind of critical appraisal of Peter that you will not find in *Peter Maurin: Gay Believer,* by Arthur Sheehan (Hanover House, $3.75.). The subtitle is "The Biography of an Unusual and Saintly Man." Arthur Sheehan spent a good many years in the Catholic Worker movement himself and he is a man who loved and admired Peter intensely and agreed with him completely. He is also, on Dorothy Day's testimony, the man whom Peter was more fond of than anyone else in the movement. He is well qualified to write this book, and everyone should read it who has any interest in one of the great pioneers of Catholic social action in our time.

There were many facets of Peter's personality which were indeed saintly. Except for books, he had no desire whatever for worldly possessions. He would give you his bed to sleep in or the shirt off his back to wear, without a word of either complaint or self-applause. He could be marvelously patient with some of the disturbed characters who sought out the Catholic Worker for understanding and a home. Arthur tells a touching story of one of these who arrived with a few potato sacks, a basket of papers and a conviction that "Christ was only a criminal among criminals." He sat on the floor, fixed Peter with his glittering eye, and tried to bury him under an avalanche of words. Peter, already old and ailing, sat up with him on this occasion until dawn and on another until four in the morning. When reproached for this, he replied, "You must be patient with these people. . . . If he talks long enough and gets it off his chest, he may be better."

I don't recall his ever saying an unkind thing about anybody. When he was not orating, his natural disposition was gentle and friendly. I cannot agree entirely that he was "gay," as the title puts it. In some ways he was the most serious man I ever met. But he did have a sense of humor; he was not afraid to use popular slang, and there were times when he took a kind of

Mr. Cort, formerly a contributing editor of this magazine, is well known for his writing on social and economic subjects.

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childlike joy and delight in the cleverness of his own sallies.

Peter had qualities that remind one of the Old Testament prophets. It was partly the old clothes, the rugged face and figure, and the holy fervor that seemed to seize him when he started to "indoctrinate." He seemed to me one who fitted more properly in the desert, clothed in camel's hair, with a leather girdle about his loins, eating locusts and wild honey.

IT IS a little hard to analyze Peter's contribution to Catholic social action. First, it is important to remember that when he came on the public scene, in 1933, not only had we reached the bottom of misery and unemployment in the Great Depression, but also there was almost no impetus among Catholic laymen to do anything practical about curing this misery and unemployment.

Peter's first great contribution was to needle Dorothy Day into founding the *Catholic Worker*. Dorothy, in my opinion, is an even more unusual and saintly person than Peter, also a better writer and something of an organizer. At any rate, the extraordinary movement that was the Catholic Worker was the result of their combination of qualities.

But Peter continued to perform a tremendous service as an idea man, for both good and ill. What was good was his gift for retranslating the healing truths of the Gospel into the American tongue and applying them to the immediate problems of the thirties. He had the rare talent of appealing both to the man in the street, with racy exercises in Christian criticism like the one that begins, "America is all shot to pieces since the little shots are no longer able to become big shots," and also to the egg-heads, with his well-stocked larder of literary allusions and such opening gambits as "Charles Péguy once said: 'There are two things in the world—politics and mysticism.' "

Peter was best in his campaign to resell the corporal works of mercy, the idea of personal responsibility for others, the need for Houses of Hospitality "to give to the rich the opportunity to serve the poor," and the great, great need for the spirit of voluntary poverty in a world gone mad for the love of money, because "everybody would be rich if nobody tried to become richer, and nobody would be poor if everybody tried to be the poorest."

Peter's great weakness as an idea man was in the area of politics and economics. He was an anarchist, and the difficulty of trying to reconcile anarchism with Christ and St. Paul was as insurmountable for him as it has been for others before and since. In economics he was an agrarian who confused Christianity with handicrafts and subsistence farming. Some of his suggestions for economic reform were positively silly, as well as inconsistent with his anarchism, such as the demand for "one law making immediately illegal all interest on money lent and another law obliging the money borrowers to pay one per cent of their debt every year during a period of a hundred years."

He opposed trade unionism for both anarchist and agrarian reasons. He used to say that "strikes don't strike me" and he was fond of repeating a classic non-sequitur that went, "When the union organizers try to organize the unorganized, then the organizers don't organize themselves, and when the organizers don't organize themselves, nobody organizes himself."

How much harm Peter did in luring young Catholics of the thirties down the blind alley of agrarianism nobody will ever know. But I am sure that it was greatly outweighed by the good he did in pushing so many more down the highway of Christian concern for the third of a nation "ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed."

AS FAR as I know, Arthur Sheehan's book is the first full-length biography of this remarkable man. Peter was one of the most impersonal men in the world in that he almost never said anything about his own private history. Arthur has done us all a favor by filling in the early years in France and Canada, the days on the little farm in the hills of Languedoc, the years teaching with the Christian Brothers in and around Paris, and the influence of Marc Sangnier and *Le Sillon,* the hard years homesteading in the Canadian west. I missed a reference Peter once made to driving a team of oxen twelve abreast while plowing with a triple-tongued plow in the wheat fields of Saskatchewan. That always fascinated me and I wanted to know more about it. But everything else is there that I ever heard before and a great deal that I never heard.

Peter Maurin died on May 15, 1949, at the age of seventy-two. It was the feast of St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers, and also the anniversary of the two great social encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI, a most appropriate coincidence.

Rich and poor, priests and laymen came from all over the country to attend his funeral in the little church in Chinatown, a few blocks from Catholic Worker headquarters. Even *Time* magazine, organ of the rich and successful, paid its tribute: "Dressed in a cast-off suit and consigned to a donated grave, the mortal remains of a poor man were buried last week." Arthur Sheehan reports that "the singing of the Requiem Mass, with priests, seminarians, organist and congregation all joining in, was loud, joyous and triumphant, more like a *Te Deum.*" And he adds, "There was a firm belief that all had now a new intercessor in Heaven."

It could very well be. There seems no doubt at all that Peter Maurin will go down in the history of the Church in America as a man who was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Make straight the way of the Lord."

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EFFORTS TOWARD UNITY

Ecumenicism in Germany

by LEONARD SWIDLER

THE CYCLE of history in Germany has gone at least 180 degrees beyond the Reformation, for Germany is no longer the scene of bitter antagonism and polemics between Protestants and Catholics. On the contrary, there is a strong desire on the part of many Catholics and Protestants to understand each other and to work toward greater unity.

This movement toward better mutual understanding and greater unity has not been limited to desire; it has expressed itself in a growing number of ways, especially since the war. There are the regular meetings of Protestants and Catholics to discuss religious matters, the frequent public discussions between Catholic and Protestant theologians, the annual meetings of leading Protestant theologians, and the appearance of thoughtful literature on inter-confessional subjects. This new irenic atmosphere did not arise suddenly with the collapse of the Third Reich. Its immediate sources go back at least to the time of World War I, and in some cases even further. It is only through an appreciation of these forces that the present situation in Germany can be adequately described and understood.

From 1800 on, German Protestant theology—in a trend often referred to as cultural Protestantism or liberal theology—assimilated many things from rationalism, romanticism and the nineteenth-century cult of progress. This liberal theology, following the leadership of Schleiermacher, Ritschl, Troeltsch and Harnack, was much concerned with evolution, historicism and the newly born science of psychology. The "Higher Criticism," for example, caused many to look upon the Bible as merely an aggregate of stories and myths taken from other ancient Eastern peoples, and allowed others to regard Christ as just a figment of the imagination of the Apostles and other early Christians.

In the field of dogmatics there were varying forms of Schleiermacher's theory that dogmas and creeds are merely the external expression of the religious feelings and experiences of a particular group and have little to do with objective reality. But with the disillusionment that followed World War I, nineteenth century culture and everything that was part of it was questioned. Liberal theology did not escape scrutiny and criticism, and many who had given it allegiance began a search for a Christianity that was not essentially tied to a particular culture, a Christianity that was Biblical in its roots.

IT WAS Karl Barth, to a great extent, who led these strivings by insisting more and more that Christian theology be based solely on the Scriptures and that it be taught by the Church. His theology has grown tremendously in importance and influence in European Protestantism since World War I, and it has consequently affected the relationship between the Protestant and Catholic churches profoundly. In displacing liberal theology Barth turned Protestantism away from a theology which the Catholic Church could never regard favorably. In emphasizing the Church, he raised the inevitable question: what is the church? Ought it not to be one rather than divided? Barth also has shown himself quite ready to enter into discussion with Catholic theologians.

About the time of World War I, Protestant theology experienced a renewed interest in Luther. A great deal of research was expended in order to clear away the faulty images and notions concerning Luther which had grown up since the Reformation. Historical criticism is still attempting to gain an accurate picture of Luther and his ideas. The "back-to-Luther" movement has done much to draw Lutherans closer to the position of Roman Catholicism, for in many respects Luther was much closer to present-day Catholicism than was eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Protestantism.

Within Catholic Reformation-scholarship also, there has occurred a startling change since the first world war. Between 1905 and 1925 the last two in a long line of outstandingly polemic writings against Luther and the Reformation were published by two German Catholics, Denifle and Grisar. Since that time a very great deal of fundamental research has found fruition in the historical works of two Catholic historians, Josef Lortz and Adolf Herte. In 1939 Lortz published his first edition of *Die Reformation in*

Mr. Swidler, the first layman to receive a licentiate in theology from the University of Tübingen, recently completed a two-year study of the Una Sancta Movement.

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Deutschland. In 1943 Herte published a three-volume work on the effect of the writings of Johann Cochlaeus on Catholic Reformation scholarship even up to the present day. As a consequence of the writings, of Herte, Lortz and other Catholic historians, the Catholic attitude toward Luther and the Reformation is changing very radically; the old irate and antagonistic attitude is fast disappearing and Catholics are taking a much more friendly and irenic approach to Protestantism.

THE PROTESTANT Church as we know it in America consists of a great number of different churches and sects. After the first world war many Protestants, becoming increasingly distressed at the growing division within what they considered should be Christ's *one* Church, began to stress with Barth the concept of *Church.* With this impetus the Ecumenical Movements for "Life and Work" and "Faith and Order" were organized during the twenties. Although these two bodies grew at a phenomenal rate, they decided, shortly before World War II, that their joint goals could be better fostered in a single organization. This plan was blocked by the war, and it was only in 1948 that the World Council of Churches was founded at the World Conference at Amsterdam. Almost all of the Protestant Churches and some of the Orthodox Churches are members of the World Council of Churches. This extraordinary advance of the ecumenical movement has done much to set the stage for better relations between the Catholic and Protestant Churches in Germany.

In the second decade of this century there sprang up within the Catholic Church the Liturgical Movement, with its insistence that the layman take a more intelligent and active part in the liturgy. The Liturgical Movement has drawn Catholics and Protestants into closer sympathy in two ways: by stressing the importance of the layman, a major theme in Protestantism; and by reintroducing practices that had long been considered characteristically Protestant, such as a greater congregational participation in the religious services and the use of the vernacular in the liturgy.

The Catholic Church, however, has not been alone in experiencing a liturgical movement; the liturgical movement is not contained by confessional boundaries. In the Protestant Church in Germany the Liturgical Movement advocates placing a greater importance on the celebration of the Eucharistic sacrifice, making it, rather than the sermon, the center of the religious service. As a result, such things as the use of vestments, prayers similar to those used in the Catholic Mass, Gregorian chant and candles are becoming prevalent in many Protestant services in Germany.

The practice of private confession, which was strongly advocated by Luther but had fallen into almost complete disuse from the eighteenth century on, has again become quite popular in Germany; the annual *Evangelische Kirchentagen* have been the scenes of thousands of confessions. There is a growing appreciation among Protestants of the value of the veneration of the saints and the usefulness of monasticism and religious orders. There have even been Protestant contemplative orders founded in the last two decades. Since these aspects of the Liturgical Movement within the Protestant Church are very like the practices within the Catholic Church, mutual sympathy and understanding have been increased.

IN THE past few decades there has been a Biblical renaissance in the Catholic Church, flowing in part from the greater emphasis on the liturgy, itself primarily Biblical in content.

In translating the Scriptures, modern German Catholics have returned to the original languages for their sources; in recent decades Catholic Biblical scholarship has grown tremendously in reputation. In the 1930's there was established in Germany the Catholic Bible Work, which had as its goal the popularization of the Bible among the Catholic laity. This renewed interest of the Catholic Church in the Bible, since it stresses an essential of evangelical Christianity, has been especially instrumental in drawing the two churches closer to a common understanding of many issues.

Brief mention should also be made of the impressive growth of the lay apostolate in present-day German Catholicism. Following the plea of the Holy See, which, since the time of Pius IX, has grown more and more insistent in calling for the layman to take a more prominent part in religion, German Catholics have founded a tremendous variety of organizations which can be brought under the general heading of Catholic Action. Such organizations range all the way from youth groups such as the "Quickborn," through workers' unions, to the "Kolping" family groups. As in the Liturgical Movement, this stress on the importance of the layman in the Church is similar to the Protestant emphasis on the position of the layman in the church.

Although these forces were already at work in the late 1920's and early 1930's, the rise of Nazism proved a powerful catalytic agent. Under Nazi persecution Catholics and Protestants were forcibly thrown together and learned to cooperate in many ways. Catholics and Protestants, priests and ministers, found themselves sitting side by side in concentration camps. In this crucible of suffering and persecution, many members of the two confessions found that there were more things that united than separated them.

AS A RESULT of these and other pressures, Catholic and Protestant groups in Germany were

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brought closer and closer together. Then in 1938 a Catholic priest, Max Metzger, provided the spark which started the Una Sancta Movement. He traveled from city to city within Germany talking to people and forming Una Sancta circles. These circles were made up of Catholics and Protestants, lay and clergy, who came together periodically to discuss religious problems in an attempt to understand each other better. The meetings of the Una Sancta circles in the various cities throughout Germany continued to meet during the war. Although Father Metzger was tried and condemned by a People's court for his attempts to bring about peace, and beheaded in the spring of 1944, at the end of the war a strong Una Sancta Movement was able to come out into the open. It continues in the spirit of Father Metzger.

In 1946 a periodical, the *Una Sancta Rundbriefe,* was started at Meitingen and has since grown to be a substantial quarterly. The articles are written by Catholic, Protestant and Orthodox Christians, and vary from a popular to a scholarly theological nature. Una Sancta groups flourish throughout all of Germany; they often sponsor large meetings with hundreds and even thousands in attendance to hear speakers from both confessions discuss religious subjects. (The published lectures of Karl Adam, *One and Holy,* are an excellent example of these public exchanges.) In 1952 a Benedictine, Father Thomas Sartory, took over the Catholic leadership of the Una Sancta Movement and in 1956 his abbey, Niederaltaich, established what is known as a "House of Meeting"; every year conferences are held at this "Haus der Begegnung" with Protestant, Catholic and Orthodox Christians taking part.

FOURTEEN leading Catholic theologians under the direction of Archbishop Jaeger of Paderborn and fourteen leading Protestant theologians under the leadership of Bishop Staelin of Oldenburg began, in 1947, to meet annually to discuss mutual theological problems. These meetings continue to the present day, and since the men involved are some of the best theologians on both sides the ultimate consequences of these meetings will be of extraordinary importance in the future. In fact, the theology written by these men today already exhibits a growing appreciation and understanding of the position of the other confession, and in general it can be said that much of the former acrimony found in theological discussions between the confessions has disappeared, that there is much more understanding spirit shown.

Recently, for example, there has appeared a book written by a young Jesuit, Hans Kueng, on the comparison of the doctrines of faith according to Karl Barth and the Council of Trent. The extraordinary conclusion Father Kueng comes to is that the two are identical! Karl Barth himself wrote a letter saying that if what Father Kueng says of the Council of Trent is, in fact, the case, then it is indeed true that he agrees with it. Another hopeful sign is that a Catholic priest, Father Brandenburg, was recently asked to write the article on "Protestantism" for the new edition of the *Evangelisches Kirchenlexicon.*

In 1957 the Johann Adam Moeller Institute was founded in Paderborn. Members of the Institute are Catholics who are specialists in the various fields of theology, each of whom has the task of observing what new in his special field is being produced in Protestant theology and reporting it at the periodic meetings. At the recent World Lutheran Conference held in Minneapolis, German Lutheran theologians strongly suggested that a similar Institute for the study of Catholic theology be set up by Lutherans; the project was considered and accepted and is now in the planning stages.

The movement toward an Una Sancta has today lost its over-eager fringe which expected union of the Catholic and Protestant Churches to occur in the very near future. Now that the novelty and fanfare has died away, it has become a much deeper and calmer movement. It looks toward the immediate aim of learning to know and love each other better as the first step in the direction of unity, acknowledging that the final unity will only be given by God when and in the manner He sees fit.

TRUTH IS THE ONLY WAY HOME

A few that I've known knew I had to talk to
them,
that the only way on was what we were saying;

Most have looked over my shoulder for the next
man,
thinking what to say if, when—somewhere else.

Whatever was calling them, it doesn't matter
now:
they were part of some purpose I contended
with, and lost.

But as there are certain remote nesting birds
cutting little known sky for the straight way
home,

So in my life a few arctic terns
are on the course I follow in just the right wind.

Continents turn summer wherever we fly;
the future leans to take our shadows.

WILLIAM STAFFORD.

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THE DANGERS OF BIGNESS

NEXT TO the perennial question of Negro civil rights, the two biggest domestic issues of the nineteen fifties were the protection of civil liberties and the cluster of problems connected with the growth of our affluent society.

J. K. Galbraith's phrase "affluent society," which appeared fairly late in the decade, accurately sums up America at the mid-century mark. For there is no doubt we have reached a peak of prosperity undreamed of by our ancestors. Even the boom days of the nineteen twenties pale beside the glittering prosperity of the present. To be sure, the poor are still with us and no one is more gallingly poor than he who suffers real need in the midst of plenty. But Galbraith's word "affluence" does sum up the general tone of American society today.

The battle for civil liberties, always a continuing struggle, had to be re-won in the nineteen fifties. At times during the hectic decade just concluded, it seemed that the nation had forgotten its own best traditions. Read through the speeches, editorials and debates of the first half of the nineteen fifties and you will see how close we came to abandoning concern for individual freedom and due process in the frantic search for national security. But thanks to the Supreme Court, which refused to panic despite misunderstanding and abuse, the Bill of Rights is more firmly established than ever. Of course our little civil war during the McCarthy years took its toll. There are victims of the hysteria of the nineteen fifties whose lives and careers were permanently damaged. In our self-congratulations we should not forget them.

What about the problems the nation will face in the nineteen sixties? Future history will not sit still for a portrait, as everyone knows; no one can say what the decade will bring with it. Yet, certain issues seem to be forcing themselves upon us.

First and foremost, there is the problem of "bigness." This cuts across almost all of American life. It is a problem not only for Government but for business corporations, labor unions, the media of communication, the schools, perhaps even for the churches.

The big corporation, heaven knows, is efficient. But where does one look for its center of authority and responsibility? What happens when corporations become automative machines and production, sheer production, becomes an end in itself? W. H. Whyte, Jr., in *The Organization Man,* told us much about what has been happening to the men who are bonded to the corporation and about the disturbing effect this particular brand of "bigness" is having on American life. Mr. Whyte's book was a brilliant piece of reporting, in its way a descriptive masterpiece. But the larger issues remain practically unexplored. Where is the corporation going? More important, where should it be going?

The problems connected with big labor have been forced upon us most insistently by the Teamster investigations. Here one knows where the center of power is, but where is the center of responsibility? How can we account for the fact that Mr. Hoffa is generally supported by the rank and file of his union? We used to be naive enough to believe that "democracy" was the answer to union corruption. Now we know that some of the least "democratic" unions are the most honest and some of the most "democratic" are riddled with corruption. Just what is the role of the labor union in our highly industrialized society? Is it, as an early labor leader once bluntly summed it up, simply "more"—or do the unions bear a more serious responsibility for the welfare of the whole society?

Two scandals in the television industry during the nineteen fifties, their shameful capitulation to blacklisting and their connivance with fixed quiz shows, point up another aspect of the "bigness" problem. In both cases, it was impossible to find anyone who would assume responsibility for the misbehavior.

The American press is so afflicted by "bigness" that newspapers and magazines have been falling away like autumn leaves. In an alarmingly high percentage of the nation's cities, the only available newspapers—and in some cases radio and television facilities as well—are owned by the same one or two corporations. The economics of big publishing have driven such respectable magazines as *Collier's* and the *Woman's Home Companion* to their graves. Magazines like The Commonweal and the *National Review* have the very devil of a time merely staying alive. What is "bigness" doing to the concept of a free press found in the Constitution?

The crisis in education has been with us a long time, but it was dramatized as never before by the Russians' success with their Sputnik. At that time we took a long hard look at our own schools and asked ourselves if they were doing what they should be doing. The answers, to say the least, were not reassuring.

Church-going and interest in religion have reached an all-time high. But as the religious curve has gone up, the nation's moral curve has gone down. With organized religion more flourishing than ever before, we have more juvenile delinquency, more scandals in public life and a more serious corrosion of ethical standards. "Bigness," which has efflicted even ecclesiastical life, may have much to do with it.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE STAGE

THE MORAL MOTIF

THE DECOR Mr. Will Steven Armstrong has designed for "The Andersonville Trial"—spectral, musty, a courtroom full of remembered hates and washed in ambiguous light—is a superb metaphor of the drama of supreme loyalties to be proposed there. Into it come figures grizzled with age, righteousness and power: the presiding General Lew Wallace, old Ben-Hur himself; a prosecutor hot with moral certitude and his florid antagonist, rich in the wisdom of defeat; finally the victim, shabby, pathological, hostage to a senseless collision of circumstances as well as to the last hope that somewhere there must and shall be order.

So potent is the substance of this episode in our history—to touch us later, more terribly, at Nuremberg, in Korea—and so seductive the drama of trial itself, of accuser and accused and justice subtly vagrant—that I was dismayed to find myself only intermittently engaged by "The Andersonville Trial," emotionally indifferent in the main and, under the gathering insistence of its assault, rather an anxious witness of my watch. It is not alone the monochrome and garrulous prose of Mr. Saul Levitt—excellent in dialectic, though without that sinuous foxiness of really devastating courtroom dissection—which accounts for this. Nor is it the irregular representation of judicial procedure, so dubious, as my companion, a former Advocate in the Marine Corps, remarked, and so ultimately exasperating in its fuzziness. I think, rather, it has to do with the use of the moral motif as a kind of pigment, a source of, as it were, local color, what Henry James called adultery in the French drama of the boulevards: *une ficelle*.

The moral motif—in this instance, the conflict of human and military responsibilities—may add profoundly to the range of value in any work of intended art, but it must not be confused with the value of the art itself. And in "The Andersonville Trial" it never comes into any compelling revelation or final form: what we have here is the drama of demonstration, not recognition. Two persons stand at hostile poles and shout at each other their mutual incomprehension, the unalterable shape of their determination. It cannot but weary, and Mr. Levitt has imagined neither a rich personal psychology, nor a harmonious observing intelligence, within which it might reverberate.

Mr. Jose Ferrer's method as director seizes unfailingly on this element of the superficial in "The Andersonville Trial" and pushes it relentlessly: busy with humorous or pathetic vignettes, it conveys no deep reality, yet is a sometimes effective, more often exhausting illustration of the wow technique. I love Mr. George C. Scott's Renaissance profile, his sulky elegance and that smile Mr. Walter Kerr has superbly called "subliminal." I like less his voice: ugly and indulgent, the scratch of a file—and when you can hear it, at that. Mr. Herbert Berghof gives a rattling *mittel-Europa* exhibition of psychotic fantasies, much less memorable than the spiraling disintegration of Mr. Lloyd Nolan in "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial." (*At the Henry Miller.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

OFTEN SO MANY

ADVANCE publicity on "Never So Few," the movie made from Tom T. Chamales's novel about the desperate fighting in Burma during World War II, states that tests made on an audience at a sneak preview showed that women's blood pressure jumped higher than men's during the scenes of Gina Lollobrigida taking a bath. The testing psychologist also came up with several other interesting observations —but, alas, with no comment at all on reactions to the film's two most important scenes: the first of these shows Frank Sinatra, as a tough-sentimental American captain, killing his badly-wounded and dying aide because there is no medical help ("You'd shoot a wounded horse, wouldn't you?"); the second shows Sinatra disobeying his superiors and ordering the execution of a group of Chinese prisoners, bandits working under war lords, who slaughtered a convoy of Americans. Captain Sinatra is later exonerated by an investigating general (Brian Donlevy) whose standards seem to be as confused as those of most of the characters in this movie.

No doubt audiences watching "Never So Few," whether or not their blood pressure and emotional reactions are tested by psychologists, are supposed to accept the proposition that a different set of morals prevails during the rigors of war than at any other time. In any case, the viewers are subjected to some fantastic goings-on along with the realistic Burmese battle scenes.

The acting, under the direction of John Sturges, is good enough, and certainly Miss Lollobrigida never looked lovelier than she does as a Hungarian refugee; but the screenplay written by Millard Kaufman from the Chamales book is awfully contrived, and the efforts of the fancy cast, in spite of some good individual scenes, can do little to make convincing a story that is so extravagantly foolish.

The distraught Sinatra, torn like a Hemingway character between tenderness and anger, and Miss Lollobrigida, as the sultry-cool mistress of a mysterious agent

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before she joins up with the captain, are well supported by Richard Johnson, who is excellent as Sinatra's fellow-commander over the six hundred Kachin warriors, Steve McQueen, as a sort of juvenile delinquent corporal who beats up M.P.'s, Peter Lawford, as a doctor, Dean Jones and Charles Bronson, as sergeants, and many others in the large cast of Orientals and Occidentals. I'm not sure what "Never So Few" is trying to prove, if anything, but of one thing I am quite certain: that it is dubious even as sheer, non-significant entertainment.

TWO new comedies, both based on stage plays, try hard but don't succeed in starting the year very mirthfully. "Who Was That Lady?" is mainly involved with three not very bright people: a chemistry professor at Columbia University (Tony Curtis), his wife (Janet Leigh) who's about to leave for Reno because she caught him kissing a pretty student, and his friend (Dean Martin) a T.V. writer who, hoping to fool "that stupid wife of yours," invents a story about Tony's being an undercover F.B.I. agent. So successful is Dean that he pretends he's an F.B.I. man too; and this leads to a lot of confusion with a real F.B.I. agent (played with a fine sense of comedy by James Whitmore), a pair of chorines Dean is trying to date, and some real foreign agents who think that Tony has some knowledge about secret chemical projects.

The mistaken identities and waltzing around are mildly amusing, but the jokes get rather repetitive. Funniest scene is a slapstick affair when Tony and Dean, trapped in the basement of the Empire State Building, think they're in a submarine. Director George Sidney did the best he could with the thin material; and Norman Krasna, who wrote the screenplay as well as the original which was called "Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?", gave the whole thing a handsome production. Perhaps he should have retained the last four words of the title—it would have given the movie that much more substance.

EQUALLY slight is "The Gazebo," stemming from Alec Coppel's play and designed for audiences who think murder is funny. Well-made English movies sometimes get away with this idea, especially if they are helped by deft satire and the presence of Alec Guinness; but there's nothing deft about "The Gazebo," and viewers are likely to be standoffish about its main character (another T.V. writer) who carefully plans the murder of his blackmailer and then follows through in a bungling and, one is intended to think, humorous manner.

Glenn Ford plays this role with exaggerations appropriate to the script of George Wells, and he is ably assisted by Debbie Reynolds as his actress-wife, and by Carl Reiner as the assistant district attorney. Outstanding in the cast directed by George Marshall is John McGiver as the Connecticut contractor who builds the foundation for the gazebo, in which, incidentally, Ford has buried the body. Considerably funnier than the actors, it seemed to me, are the suspensefully silly situations. At one point Glenn Ford even phones Alfred Hitchcock for help. Producer Lawrence Weingarten might have done better if he had phoned him much earlier in the game.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

WORLD JUSTICE

IN THE first number of a new quarterly, *World Justice,* published by the Research Center for International Social Justice at Louvain University (100 Avenue des Allies, Louvain, Belgium. $6.), Canon Louis Janssens applies the Catholic concept of justice to the international scene. Canon Janssens has written widely on the social aspects of moral teachings. Excerpts from his latest article, itself entitled "World Justice," follow.

In dealing with the social question, many people are still far too much inclined to regard it simply as a problem affecting the workingman. It is historically true, of course, that the question was explicitly raised for the first time when the working classes became conscious as a group of their common lot and set themselves up as a solid front to win for themselves their rightful place in society. The social question, however, is far broader than that.

The word "social" refers to whatever is connected with 'society' or the community and thus has reference to all of the members of the community. Within a country, the social problem comes nearer to a solution in proportion as the citizens have a chance to carry on the work that is suited to their ability and are enabled to secure for themselves such a share of the fruits of the common activity as corresponds to their real needs. We see, therefore, that the social question is not limited to the interests of a single class in the various countries, but involves the creation of such a healthy order in the national life as a whole as will be of service to all of the citizens.

Even this broader view of the problem is not broad enough. To meet the requirement of the present situation, the social question must be envisioned from a world viewpoint. A just solution of the problem, so envisioned, necessarily involves consideration for all of the peoples of our earth, of their place and their share in that social entity which is mankind. It is thus really a question of "world justice". . . .

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Real social progress consists in making it possible for all to have access to the vital necessities which have been called the initial equipment without which a man cannot go forward to the fulfillment of his destiny and which are related to the basic elements of the law of life. These things can be grouped together under three separate headings as follows: 1) All men must be able to exercise the right of use in a way that is worthy of their human dignity. This involves the whole question of an equitable distribution of material goods. 2) All men stand in need of (and are entitled to) such health care as is scientifically and technologically possible. This involves the problem of social health services such as will enable everybody to get the treatment they need. 3) All must have a chance and the means to obtain the kind of training that is suited to their respective aptitudes.

Here we are faced with the democratization of education. These benefits are not meant to be the privilege of a minority but must be the heirloom or prerogative of all men. For the first time in history the more advanced societies can provide all that is needed to attack the social problem in its broadest meaning. It is not surprising, therefore, that in these countries the problem of vital necessities for all of the people has given rise to a *grande politique* concerning a better distribution of national income, the creation of social health facilities and the steps required to provide all of the children with the kind of education that is suitable for them. . . .

Taking all the elements of our present situation into account, it is easy to see that the old idea that the nations have only a *negative* obligation not to oppose the formation of an international society is totally inadequate. Economic developments, the maintenance of peace and cultural advances have brought about such a solidarity among the nations that they could not return to their former isolationism without serious prejudice to themselves and to the entire human community. For that reason any attitude of aloofness must be described as bad and from now on all of the States must face the fact that they are *positively* obliged to assume responsibility in the international sphere.

Our world-wide solidarity is a fact and in this solidarity all of the peoples must cooperate, according to their ability, in the production and realization of cultural values; and the fruits of this common effort must be arranged and directed so as to promote the subjective culture of all men and of all peoples. Here we have the very essence of the social question as it exists today on a world-wide scale. As things stand now, the solution of that problem, in so far as it is possible, must be regarded as a positive requirement of the dynamism of justice. . . .

The vital necessities, the initial equipment without which the realization of subjective culture is impossible, must become the prerogative of all men and of all peoples. From this it follows that the rich countries must provide out of their surplus whatever is necessary to enable people in the poorly developed areas to exercise their right of use in a manner that is worthy of our common human nature, to secure proper medical care and to receive not only a fundamental education but also such training as is in accord with their respective aptitudes.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THE SYMPATHETIC ALIEN"

State College, Pa.

TO THE EDITORS: Kevin Sullivan's review of my book, *The Sympathetic Alien* [Nov. 20], is marred by three errors of fact.

1. He says I call Duns Scotus "democratic and Protestant." But I specifically include Scotus among those "Catholic thinkers" who, before the Reformation, favored "individualism within the Church." To say, as I do, "The implications of Scotus' conclusions are democratic and Protestant," is not to say what Mr. Sullivan says I say.

2. He says I speak of "the humane Protestants of the middle ages." But the term I use is "humane proto-Protestants."

3. He says I have not even "a passing acquaintance" with what is relevant in previous Joyce scholarship, and specifically that I have not read Father William T. Noon's *Joyce and Aquinas*. Leaving aside the question of relevance, which is to some extent a matter of judgment, let me point out as a matter of fact that I do cite Sylvia Beach, Campbell and Robinson, Gerhard Friedrich, Stuart Gilbert, Herbert Gorman, Stanislaus Joyce, Harry Levin, Marvin Magalaner, William York Tindall, Rudolf Von Abele, and Edmund Wilson; and evidently Mr. Sullivan missed my reviews of Magalaner and Kain's *Joyce, the Man, the Work, the Reputation,* Magalaner's first *James Joyce Miscellany,* Adaline Glasheen's *A Census of Finnegans Wake,* and Father William T. Noon's *Joyce and Aquinas.*

J. MITCHELL MORSE.

REPLY

New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR: (1) Excuse Maimonides from the company, and they were all "Catholic thinkers" before the Reformation—this is to say nothing. The point is that Mr. Morse *infers,* Scotus does not *imply,* conclusions that are "democratic and Protestant," and by a simplistic equation of Protestantism with individual

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ism Mr. Morse locates the most Subtle of Doctors squarely in the middle of what he calls, with penetrating hindsight, "the Heretical Tradition."

(2) True, a printer's devil knocked the proto- out of "proto-Protestants" in my review, and one could wish the same devil had knocked the hard eyes out of "hard-eyed Protestants" in Mr. Morse's text. Prefix and epithet are equally gratuitous.

(3) Each of these is cited *exactly once*—except Gorman (five times) and Tindall (twice). Mr. Morse does not—and this was the point made in my review—cite the professional work of any of the nine scholars, including myself, who, he says in his preface, aided and abetted him. Does this constitute, a reader might wonder, professional assistance or personal complicity? That Mr. Morse has read Noon's admirable monograph makes all the more remarkable his interpretation of St. Thomas as a proto-Oscar Wilde.

KEVIN SULLIVAN.

"A CLEAN POLITICS APPEAL"

New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: In his column of December 4, Mr. John Cogley cited with approval Mr. William Buckley, Jr.'s criticism of a national advertisement headed "A Clean Politics Appeal" and signed by the late Elmer Davis and Archibald MacLeish. Mr. Cogley called the advertisement an "example of liberal sleaziness" and stated that "its studied use of the word 'clean' " was reprehensible. He said, "This choice of word implied that the candidates endorsed by the ad were being opposed by moral lepers of one kind or another." Mr. Cogley also said that "the sober and high-minded men of the National Committee for an Effective Congress, which paid for the ad, should have known better."

Because the advertisement appeared in The Commonweal as well as in other publications, and because we value the understanding and good opinion of Mr. Cogley and your readers, I want to make the following observations:

Mr. Buckley's entire case is based on the use of the word "clean." In his book, he wrote that this use "implies that the opponents have been guilty of unclean political behavior. No other construction is possible."

Mr. Buckley may not want to make any other kind of inference, but a number are possible.

Since I suggested the use of this title, I know exactly what was intended by it—an emphasis on the importance and political "cleanliness" of open solicitations and small contributions.

It is important to recall the political context in which the advertisement appeared during the summer and fall of 1956. Earlier in that year, widespread publicity had been given to a rather shocking attempt by some oil company executives to use campaign contributions to influence the votes of Senators of the United States on a bill affecting their interests. Public reaction to these disclosures was so strong that a Special Senate Committee was established and given a $350,000 appropriation to conduct a wide range investigation of such practices.

In response to these events there appeared a spate of newspaper and magazine articles dealing with the subject of campaign contributions and the unhappy fact that a very large proportion of campaign money is contributed by persons of wealth. At the same time, there began to appear stories to the effect that the fund raisers of both major parties were disturbed at a decline in the flow of contributions, apparently due to the public discussion of this issue and the fact that many would-be contributors were being inhibited by it.

At that time, we were faced with the necessity of organizing a fund-raising campaign on behalf of certain Senate candidates. Because of the nature of our operation, it has always been necessary for us to make open and widespread solicitations for small contributions. We were concerned lest the same inhibition should affect small contributors and wanted to couch our appeal in terms that would counteract any such effect.

It was determined, therefore, to emphasize the virtue inherent in the necessity to make such open solicitations. That, and nothing else, is the explanation of the title. This is amply borne out by the introductory and closing copy in the ad, and was well understood by its readers.

GEORGE E. AGREE,
Executive Director,
Nat'l Committee for an Effective Congress

REPLY

Santa Barbara, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: I am pleased to have Mr. Agree's explanation of why the word "clean" was used. I still think, however, that an ad which was headed "A CLEAN POLITICS APPEAL on behalf of: Wayne L. Morse vs. Douglas McKay, Richard Stengel vs. Everett M. Dirksen and Millard E. Tydings vs. John M. Butler" and which began: "If you are after a special subsidy, tariff or paving contract, don't read any further. We're not your kind of people," might have been wide open to the criticism Mr. Buckley made of it. It speaks extremely well for the readers of the ad that they understood it in the spirit in which it was written and not as a reflection on the moral character of candidates McKay, Dirksen and Butler.

JOHN COGLEY.

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A Journey Through the World of Gertrude Stein

THE THIRD ROSE: GERTRUDE STEIN AND HER WORLD. By John Malcolm Brinnin. Little, Brown. $6.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

JOHN MALCOLM Brinnin, who made an unpleasant reputation with his *Dylan Thomas in America* four years ago, returns to the scene with a new subject, equally complex but less immediately controversial. As there are few facts or insinuations about Gertrude Stein that have not been in circulation forty years or more. *The Third Rose* has none of the shock value of *Dylan Thomas*. This is a good thing, in more ways than one. Undistracted by sensationalism, we are at liberty to notice Mr. Brinnin's other qualities as a biographer.

One of our first discoveries may be that not only distaste impeded our reading of the earlier book. Mr. Brinnin shares with his present subject a talent for obscurity, although his seems the result of haste, perhaps, rather than of art. Examples of his sentences of fugitive meaning may be found on nearly every page; for example:

"Americans obsessively driven somehow to understand what they could not anyhow experience made her the Sacred Cow of modern letters and all but succeeded in separating the figure from her work."

And again: "For the most part, literary historians, critics and compilers of textbooks have written of her putative influence in a transparent bewilderment as to the means of accounting for her fame and inescapable presence in any other way."

Loping along at uneven pace, Mr. Brinin is now cute: "She can delight as often as she can mystify or intrigue, and no one who has browsed long in the marvelous meadows of her monotone has failed to come back with a daisy."

Now the victim of Biographer's Temptation, the hopeful surmise: "Like the cyclorama of 'Waterloo' that she never forgot, Granada was 'all there,' a surrounding reality, and yet one could take absolute leave of it at any moment. As she wandered through the streets, her eyes might have sometime lighted on the slightly limping figure of the schoolboy, Frederico Garcia Lorca."

Now happily non-sequitur: "The whitewash on the ceiling was continually rubbing off on Jarry's hair, but with two owls and a cat for companions, he was not otherwise discomfitted."

Now the fountainhead of magnificently torrential prose in a single paragraph: "By the time Gertrude and Leo Stein had brought their ambitions to the Rue de Fleurus and had begun to look on all Paris as their own preserve, the history of painting in Europe was about to shift before their eyes from the course it had followed from the moment—four hundred years before—when perspective was introduced into the Renaissance. Responding to thunder over Montmartre and quakings in distant Spanish villages, the lazy swollen stream of 'tradition' had suddenly begun to quicken and to branch off in channels that would cut deep. The meandering stream of impressionism had already come to the misty stillness of Monet's lily ponds; Fauvism, turgid with mineral matter from the brushes of Matisse and Rouault and Derain, had already overflowed its banks; while pointillism, subjecting even a summer's day to its minute analyses, had dwindled to a rivulet that went nowhere. Each of these movements had brought new aspects of the territory into view and reflected colors that no one had ever seen. But their wonderful strangeness still had not essentially altered the face of a landscape that had been the joy of painters as often as it was the object of surveyors. With the force of a raging cataract, a new stream was about to cut a gorge in tradition. Spilling over foothills and plains, it would demolish the landscape of the twentieth century and make it unrecognizable. This stream was cubism."

On dryer ground, Mr. Brinnin displays an impressive quantity of research in the details both of his subject's life and work. Most of the information has been published earlier, some of it by Gertrude Stein herself and some by critics as perceptive as Katherine Anne Porter, whose essays—notably "The Wooden Umbrella"—remain a definitive appraisal of Miss Stein's personality and writing.

In *The Third Rose,* we have again, therefore, stories of the subject's childhood in California, her country rambles with her brother Leo, her mixed relationships with her other brothers and sisters and their relief, emotional and financial, at the death of their father. Once more we travel with Gertrude to classes with William James at Harvard, to medical studies at Johns Hopkins, and at last to Paris and the permanent estuary on the Rue de Fleurus. Knee-to-knee with Picasso, we relive the famous conversations, as later we receive, with Gertrude, the homage and bewilderment of younger writers of all stripes.

It is useful to have all this reminiscence in a single volume, and it is not Mr. Brinnin's fault that his story is so well foreknown, even to the death scene with its famous pair of questions, "What is the answer?" and, in the last breath, "Ah, then, what is the question?"

And Mr. Brinnin does include a synthesis of the interesting discussions of Miss Stein's writing as "composition" in the painter's sense, as in all its repetitive and monologistic character it represents an involvement less with words than with space; she filled the "areas" of her stories with verbal effects as an artist covers canvas with pigment.

It is unimportant, perhaps, that what one misses in *The Third Rose* is a sense of actual confrontation. While reading every available and familiar detail *about* Gertrude Stein,

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at no time does one know *of* her as we could, say, at the hands of Miss Porter, whose shorter portraits of that shrewd, acquisitive, stubborn and essentially middle-class personality, in all its prejudices and conceits, are so true and so loving. Mr. Brinnin is tireless and—in his selection of subjects—acute. But is it too much to have wished, frequently, that he had been intuitively perceptive, as well?

Russian Society

THE SECRET WORLD. By Peter Deriabin and Frank Gibney. Doubleday. $4.50.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

IN RECENT months, there has been much talk of changes taking place in Russia. For some, it is a process of the "maturation" of Soviet society, for others there is even hope of "democratization." These ideas reflect significant changes which have taken place in post-Stalin Communism, best symbolized perhaps by the fact that political demotion is no longer necessarily a death sentence. They also involve not a little wishful thinking on the part of men of good will who desperately hope for a negotiated end to the Cold War and feed their desire with optimistic theories of Communist transformation.

And yet, there is a hard, unchanging core to the Soviet reality. It can be ignored in order to develop an optimistic theory, but it is persistent and fundamental. The basic principle of the society remains the total monopoly of political power (and life) on the part of the bureaucracy, the total exclusion of the people from any participation in decision-making. One observer quite sympathetic to the Communists returned from Russia not too long ago with the news that, despite all the transformations, this mechanism of totalitarianism remained intact some years after Stalin died.

This new book by Peter Deriabin and Frank Gibney, *The Secret World,* gives an intimate description of life in part of this totalitarian structure. Deriabin is a Russian who defected to the West. At the time of his leaving the Soviets in Vienna, he was in charge of security for the Russian mission in that city. In this capacity, he was part of the state within a state which functions in Soviet society. He sought to deal with subversive acts, of course, and where possible with subversive thoughts. He and Gibney have together produced a book that is well written and fascinating. One of its chief merits is that it pierces the veil over Communist society and reveals the most fundamental of realities: the secret police.

Perhaps the most interesting and symbolic anecdote in *The Secret World* is one which describes an assassination attempt during World War II. A disgruntled soldier wandered into Red Square. As the car of a leading member of the Party emerged from the Kremlin, he dropped to his knee and fired. Though he was surrounded by security troops, no one moved, for each man was afraid that this had been planned on orders from above; no one could figure out the factional situation represented in this little drama. As it turned out, the soldier was an independent and not the agent of anyone in the Politburo. So the members of the guard were sent to the front.

Indeed, one of the facets of Soviet life which comes through most strongly in this book is the insecurity of the ruling bureaucracy itself. Deriabin defected shortly after the death of Stalin, and his description of Russian life is slightly dated because of that fact. For if the post-Stalin "reforms" have had any basic direction, it is toward rationalizing and relaxing the life of the bureaucrats. In this sense, there are amendments which would have to be made in Deriabin's picture of the jungle life at the apex of Soviet society. No longer, perhaps, is it necessary to fear a promotion because it might lead to more responsibility, to the necessity for political choice, and therefore to death.

Still, the dating of this study is minor compared to its general relevance. One would hope that all of the Western theorists — George Kennan and Walter Lippmann as well as Isaac Deutscher—will read *The Secret World* to get the feel, the quality, of the society which they describe as "maturing." The principle of bureaucratic rule, of elite privilege, and therefore of the secret police, is deep within the very structure of Russian society. It is not likely to change. Deriabin and Gibney have done a real service in providing us with a description of the day-to-day life of the totalitarian other world. With this image in mind, no one should be in danger of developing a simple and optimistic theory. For that, the reality is much too complex, and far too oppressive.

For Ear and Heart

DISCOVERY AND OTHER POEMS. By Samuel Hazo. Sheed & Ward. $.95.

By JOHN LOGAN

EX-MARINE Samuel Hazo is a young professor and administrator at Duquesne University. His poems have appeared in such serious literary listening rooms as *New World Writing* and *Beloit Poetry Journal,* and they are now nicely set in the third of the Sheed and Ward poetry paperbacks, certainly a bargain. Hazo is a good, practiced craftsman and able to make poetry out of situations that would volatilize in the hands of a lesser artist. A girl playing jacks yields a gentle, half-profound poem economical as a haiku. A suburbanite, sweating at his job on the lawn, brings out the good line, "a mower set to spew back grass like spray." A wounded chaplain, now home, wonders in a moving, surprising monologue why children run from him. A widow strolling on the beach affords perhaps the best poem of the book, "Widow at the Water's Edge": "Fresh roe and milt and multiple spawn preserve/ the mystery that shuns my unshaped womb/ and breasts whose buds will never swell for mouths/ to draw the flesh-warm milk as I draw breath—/ as I breathe scent of salt from depths

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where schools/ of dolphins breed, and coral mountains bloom/ like phlox to lair the mating octopi."

There are four sections to *Discovery and Other Poems,* with what appears to be an increasingly clearer thematic division. The final section has the most unity, its poems all of war or the aftermath of war. The pieces in the third section are more self-consciously literary, based largely on art works or on religious sources—Sophocles, St. Paul, Tertullian, Bernini, El Greco. "Teresa de Cepeda" and "Epitaph for Georges Rouault" seem to me the best of this group. "St. Francis and the Skulls" is strong but has the formal peculiarity that it is built of quatrains where only the second and third lines rhyme—a practice that shuts the movement in the centers of the stanzas.

Still other poems in this section (but not so many as in the final one) are marred by a gimmick of diction where the adjectival form ending in "less" is used in quantity—most often in awkward coinages (thirty or so), such as "torchless, stringless, mobless, depthless, birdless." Some poems otherwise admirable contain as many as three or more of these forms, which have the poetic demerit of swallowing the sound at the end of the word. Sadly this is true even for some of the most strongly felt works—"Targets," "For a son who will never be born," "Lines for Sibelius' Sixth Symphony." The latter poem has the bad line "Rejoice repressless as epiphanies," where the "e" music is good but the heavy sibilance, unnecessarily heightened by the "-less" ending, prevents the line from being freed in feeling and so contradicts its own image.

The poems of section two appear to turn as a group on images taken from nature and include the powerful "Stallion" and the musically beautiful "Chantey." Section one is made up of a miscellany of lyrics many of them in tightly rhymed and crafted stanzas. "Scorched Gothic," one of the finest, most imaginative pieces in the book, appears here. Rarely one finds an inept line, the articulations of the breath unheeded (". . . arrows leveled at bucks like swords"), but ordinarily one can assume the risk of Hazo's lines with calm, for he shows himself master, and his ear seldom fails. Easily fifteen poems in this first book are durable achievements touching the ear and the heart with the delight of the newborn and turning the mind again to Maritain's remark that while it is the task of the saint to complete the work of the Passion, it is the vocation of the artist to complete the work of Creation.

REVIEWERS

Jean Holzhauer, a regular contributor, has written for *Today*, the *Catholic Messenger* and other publications.

***Michael Harrington* contributes to a variety of American journals concerned with matters of art and politics.**

***John Logan, a poet and critic, is a* member of the faculty of the University of Notre Dame.**

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Congress in Session

Proceedings in both House and Senate attract heightened attention during the big election years. The session which opened January 6 will have to bear special scrutiny not only because of the presence in this Congress of several Presidential (and Vice Presidential) hopefuls but also because of Democratic and Republican efforts to compile records that will be rewarded next November. Each party will inevitably see this session as an opportunity to formulate and dramatize major issues for the 1960 campaign.

Many of the most urgent issues are not those on which either party is united. The Democrats are badly split on Civil Rights legislation and federal aid for school construction. "Conservatives" and "liberals" in both parties often divide on such matters as raising the minimum wage level, extending and increasing social security benefits, aid for the country's distress areas, changes in the crop support program. Further, there are strong critics in both parties of a bi-partisan approach to expenditures for defense, space exploration, and foreign aid. Few issues appear politically clear-cut.

If this is to be a period for making political hay, it will also bring to the fore many social and political issues which are of special interest to The Commonweal. In consequence, you will find a trial subscription extending for the next four months (at half the newsstand price) particularly useful and informative in its analyses week by week. Why not send for a trial subscription?

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